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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Play called
The Four PP

By JOHN HEYWOOD

Date of this Edition, 1545?
Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Play called
The Four PP

By JOHN HEYWOOD

[1545?]

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GENERAL

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The Play called the Four PP

By JOHN HEYWOOD

"The Four PP" is one of the undoubted plays written by John Heywood, "the father of English comedy and tragedy." The original copy from which this facsimile is taken was published in 1545 [?], *and is now in the British Museum (Press-mark C.* 34, *e.* 43). *Other editions were printed by W. Copland, n.d.; and by John Allde in* 1569.

Of John Heywood himself it must suffice to say that his life-story, hitherto fragmentary and vague, is in course of being re-written (see "The Play of the Weather, Tudor Facsimile Texts"). The most important fact that has in late years come to knowledge, one also that throws a flood of light on much that has hitherto been vague or inexplicable, is the certainty that he was a close connection, by ties of kindred and in his social relations, of Sir Thomas More; and that, therefore, he was far from occupying the status of Court fool assigned to him by Sharman, Ward, and others.

Mr. J. A. Herbert (Manuscript Department, British Museum) reports that, comparing this facsimile with the original, "it is an excellent reproduction." The British Museum Catalogue remarks, against the entry of this work,

182217

that "it is mutilated in binding," viz., in some of the top leaves. Special points of criticism are :—

(1) A. iii. verso, *line* 1, *is a little more legible in the original.*

(2) C. iii. recto, *the mark below printing in left-hand corner is in pencil in the original.*

(3) C. iv. recto, *line* 1, *is a little less blurred.*

JOHN S. FARMER.

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¶ The playe called the foure PP.

¶ A newe and a very mery enterlude of
A palmer.
A pardoner.
A potycary.
A pedler.

Made by Johñ Heewood

NOwe god be here who kepeth this place
Now by my fayth I crye you mercy
Of reason I must sew for grace
My rewdnes sheweth me no so homely
Wherof your pardon art and wonne
I sew you as curtesy doth me bynde
To tell thys whiche shalbe begonne
In order as may come beste in myndy
I am a palmer as ye se
Whiche of my lyfe much part hath spent
In many a fayre and farre countre
As pylgrymes do of good intent
At Hierusalem haue I bene
Before Chrystes blessed sepulture
The mount of Caluery haue I sene
A holy place ye may be sure
To Josephat and Olyuete
On fote god wote I wente tyght bare
Many a salt tere dyde I swete
Before thys carkes coulde come there
Yet haue I bene at Rome also
And gone the stacions all arow
Saynt peters chyrche and many mo
Then yf I tolde all ye do know
Except that there be any suche
That hath ben there and diligently
Hath taken hede and marked muche
Then can they speke as muche as I
Then at the Rodes also I was
And rounde about to amyas
At saynt Toncombet and saynt Tronion
At saynt Bothulph and saynt Anne of Buckston
On the hylles of Armony where I see Noes arke
With holy Job and saynt George in Suthwarke
At Walsam and at Walsyngam

And at the good rood of dagnam
At saynt Cornelys at saynt James in Gales
And at saynt Wynefrydes well in Walles
At our lady of Boston at saynt Edmundes bury
And streyght to saynt Patrykes purgatory
At rydybone and at the blood of Hayles
where pylgrymes paynes tyght muche auayles
At saynt Dauys and at saynt Denis
At saynt Mathew and saynt Marke in Venis
At mayster Johan shorne at Canterbury
The graet god of Katewade at kynge Henry
At saynt saupours at our lady of Southwell
At Crome at Walsdome and at Walsyngham
At saynt Rychardes and at saynt Roke
And at our lady that standeth in the oke
To these with other many one
Deuoutly haue I prayed and gone
Prayeng to them to pray for me
Unto the blessed trynyte
By whose prayers and my dayly payne
I truste the soner to obtaye
For my saluacyon grace and mercy
For be ye sure I thynke surely
Who seketh saynctes for Cristes sake
And namely suche as payne do take
On fote to punysshe thy fraple body
Shall therby merite more hyely
Then by any thynge done by man

☞ Pardoner.

¶ And when ye haue gone as farre as ye can
For all your labour and gostely entente
Yet welcome home as wyse as ye wente

☞ Palmer.

¶ Why syr dyspyse ye pylgrymage

☞ Pardoner.

¶ Nay for god syr then ope I rage

I thynke ye ryght well occupyed
To seke these sayntes on euery syde
Also your payne I nat dispraise it
But yet I discomende your wit
And or we go euen so shall ye
If ye in this wyl answere me
I pray you shew what the cause is
Ye wente al these pylgrymages

The Palmer.

Forsoth this lyke I dyd begyn
To rydde the bondage of my syn
For whiche these sayntes reherced or this
I haue both sought and seue Iwys
Besechynge them to be recorde
Of all my payne vnto the lorde
That gyueth all remyssyon
Upon eche mans contricyon
And by theyr good mediacyon
Upon myne humble submyssion
I trust to haue in very dede
For my soule helth the better spede.

The Pardonar.

Nowe is your owne confessyon lyckely
To make your selfe a fole quyckely
For I perceyue ye wolde obtayne
No nother thynge for all your payne
But onely grace your soule to saue
Nowe marke in this what wyt ye haue
To seke so farre and helpe so nye
Euen here at home is remedy.
For at your doze my selfe doth dwell
Who coulde haue saued your soule as well
As all your wyde wandrynge shall do
Though ye wente thryes to Jericho
Nowe lyns ye myght haue spedde at home
What haue ye wone by rommyng at Rome.

¶ If this be true that ye haue moued
Then is my wyt in dede reproued
But let vs here fyrste what ye are

¶ Pardonar.

¶ Truly I am a pardoner.

¶ Palmer.

¶ Truely a pardoner that may be true
But a true pardoner doth nat ensew
Ryght selde is it sene or neuer.
That treuth and pardoners dwell together
For be your pardons neuer so great
Yet them to enlarge ye wyll nat let
With suche lyes that oftymes Cryste wot
Ye seme to haue that ye haue nat
Wherfore I went my selfe to the selfe thynge
In euery place and without faynynge
Had as muche pardon there assuredly
As ye can promyse me here doutefully
Howe be it I thynke ye do but scofte
But yf ye hadde all ye pardon ye kepe of
And no whyt of pardon graunted
In any place where I haue haunted
Yet of my labour I nothynge repent.
God hathe respect how eche tyme is spent
And as in his knowlege all is regarded
So by his goodnes all is rewarded

¶ Pardonar.

¶ By the fyrste parte of this laste tale
It semeth you come late from the ale
For reason on your syde so farre doth fayle
That ye leue lowryng and begyn to rayle
Wherin ye forget your owne parte clerely
For ye be as vntrue as I
And in one poynte ye are beyonde me
For ye may lye by aucthorytie

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And all that hath wanted to fatte
That no man can be theyr controller
And where ye esteme your labour so muche
I say yet agayne my pardons be suche
That yf there were a thousande soules on a heye
I wolde bryngе them all to heuen as good cheye
As ye haue brought your selfe on pylgrymage
In the leste quarter of your vyage
Whiche is farre a thys syde heuen by god
There your labour and pardon is od
With smale cost and without any payne
These pardons bryngeth them to heuen playne
Geue me but a peny or two pens
And as sone as the soule departeth hens
In halfe an houre or thre quarters at moste
The soule is in heuen with the holy ghost

Potycary.

¶ Sende ye any soules to heuen by water

Pardoner.

✠ If we dyd syr what is the mater

Potycary.

¶ By god I haue a dere soule shulde thyther
I praye you let our soules go to heuen togyther
So bysy you twayne be in soules heith
May nat a potycary come in by steith
Yes that I wyll by sayne Antony
And by the leue of thys company
Proue ye false knaues bothe or we goo
In parte of your layenges as thys so
Thou by thy trauayle thynkest heuen to gete
And thou by pardons and relyques countest no lete
To sende thyne owne soule to heuen sure
And all other whome thou lyste to procure
If I toke an accyon then were they blanke
For lyke theues the knaues rob away my thanke
All soules in heuen haupnge releke

Shall they thanke your craftes nay thanke myn chefe
No soule ye knowe entreth heuen gate
Tyll from the bodye he be separate
And whome haue ye knowen dye hostlye
Without helpe of the potycary
Nay all that commeth to our handlynge
Except ye happe to come to hangynge
That way perchaunce ye shall nat myster
To go to heuen without a glyster
But be ye sure I wolde be wo
If ye shulde chaunge to begyle me so
Is good to lye with me a nyght
Is hange abrode in the mone lyght
There is no choyse to fle my hande
But as I sayd into the bande
Syns of our soules the multitude
I sende to heuen when all is dewed
Who shulde but I then all togyther
Haue thanke of all theyr commynge thyther

Pardoner.

¶ If ye kylde a thousande in an houre space
When come they to heuen dyenge from state of grace

Potycary.

If a thousãde pardons about your neckes were teyd
When come they to heuen yf they neuer dyed

Palmer.

Longe lyke after good workes in dede
Doth hynder mannes recept of mede
And deth before one dewty done
May make vs thynke we dye to sone
Yet better tary a thynge then haue it
Then go to sone and vaynly craue it

Pardoner.

¶ The longer ye dwell in communication.
The lesse shall you lyke thys pwagynacyon
For ye may perceyue euen at the fyrst cho-

Your tale is trapt in such a trop
That at the leste ye seme worse then we

☞ Potycary.

By the masse I holde vs nought all thre

☞ Pedler.

By our lady then haue I gone wronge
And yet to be here I thought longe

☞ Potycary.

Brother ye haue gone wronge no wyt
I praple pour fortune and pour wyt
That can dyrecte pou so discretely
To plante you in this company
Thou palmer and thou a pardoner
I a potycary.

☞ Pedler.

☞ And I a pedler

☞ Potycary.

Nowe on my fayth full well watched
Were the deuyll were we foure hatched

☞ Pedler.

That maketh no mater syns we be matched
I coulde be merry yf that I catchyd
Some money for parte of the ware in my packe

☞ Potycary.

What the deuyll hast thou there at thy backe

☞ Pedler.

Why dost thou nat knowe that euery pedled
In euery tryfull must be a medler
Specyally in womens tryflynges
Those vse we chefe aboue all thynges
Whiche thynges to se yf ye be disposed
Beholde what ware here is disclosed
Thys gere sheweth it selfe in suche bewte
That eche man thynketh it sayth come bye me
Loke were pour selfe can lyke to be chosen
Your selfe shall make pryce though I be loser

Is here nothynge for my father Palmer
Haue ye nat a wanton in a corner
For your walkyng to holy places
By cryste I haue herde of as straunge cases
Who lyueth en loue or loue wolde wynne
Euen at this packe he must begynne
Where is ryght many a proper token
Of whiche by name parte shall be spoken
Gloues, pynnes, combes, glasses vnspottyd
Pomanders, hookes, and lasses knotted
Broches, rynges, and all maner bedes
Lace rounde and flat for womens hedes
Nedyls, threde thymbell, shers, and all suche knackes
Where louers be no suche thynges lackes
Sypers swathbondes rybandes and sleue laces
Gyrdyls, knyues, purses, and pyncases.

Potycary.

Do women bye theyr pyncases of you.

Pedler.

Ye that they do I make god a vow

Potycary.

So mot I thryue then for my parte
I be shrewe thy knaues nakyd herte
For makynge my wyfe ys pyncase so wyde
The pynnes fall out they can nat abyde
Great pynnes must she haue one or other
Yf she lese one she wyll fynde an other
Wherin I fynde cause to complayne
New pynnes to her pleasure and my payne

Pardoner.

Syr ye seme well sene in womens causes
I praye you tell me what causeth this
That women after theyr apparelynge
Be so longe in theyr appareylynge

Pedler.

Forsoth women haue many lettes

And they be maked in many nettes
As frontlettes, kylettes, partlettes, and barcelettes
And then theyr bonettes and theyr poynettes
By these lettes and nettes the lette is suche
That spede is small whan haste is muche.

Potycary.

In other cause why they come nat forwarde
Whiche maketh them daily to drawe backwarde
And yet is a thynge they can nat forbere
The trymmynge and pynnynge by theyr gere
Specyally theyr kydyng with the tayle pyn
And when they wolde haue it pyght in
If it chaunce to double in the clothe
Then be they wode and sweteth an othe
Tyll it stande ryght they wyll nat forsake it
Thus though it may nat yet wolde they make it
But be ye sure they do but defarce it
For when they wolde make it ofte tymes marre it
But pyght them and pynne them as nyche, as ye wyll
And yet wyll they loke for pynnynge styll
So that I durste holde you a foynt
Ye shall neuer haue them at a fall poynt

Pedler.

Let womens maters passe and marke myne
What euer theyr poyntes be, these poyntes be fyne
Wherfore yf ye be wyllynge to bye
Ley downe money, come of quyckely.

Palmer.

Nay by my trouth we be lyke kepers
We are but beggers we be no byers

Pardoner.

Syr ye maye showe your ware for your myndе
But I thynke ye shall no profyte fynde

Pedler.

Well though thys your ney acquyte no coste
Yet thynke I nat my labour loste

For by the layth of my body
I lyke full well thys company
Up shall this packe for it is playne
I came not hyther al for gayne
Who may nat play one day in a weke
May thynke hys thryfte is farre to seke
Deuyse what pastyme ye thynke beste
And make ye sure to fynde me prest

Potycary.

Why be ye so vnpuersall
That you can do what so euer ye shall.

Pedler.

Syr yf ye lyste to appose me
What I can do then shall ye se.

Potycary.

Than tell me thys be ye perfyt in drynkynge

Pedler.

Perfyt in drynkynge as may be wysht by thynkyng

Potycary.

Then after your drynkyng how fall ye to wynkyng

Pedler.

Syr after drynkynge whyle the shot is tynkynge
Some hedes be swymmyng but myne wyl be synkynge
And vpon drynkynge myne eyse wyll be pynkynge
For wynkynge to drynkynge is alway ynkynge.

Potycary.

Then drynke and slepe ye can well do
But yf ye were desyred therto
I pray you tell me can you synge

Pedler.

Syr I haue some syght in syngynge.

Potycary.

But is your brest any thynge swete.

Pedler.

What euer my breste be, my voyce is mete;

Potycary.

¶ That anſwere theweth you a ryght ſyngynge man
Now what is your wyll good father than.
☞ Palmer.
☞ What helpeth wyll where is no ſkyll
☞ Pardoner.
✤ And what helpeth ſkyll where is no wyt.
☞ Potycary.
☞ For wyll or ſkyll what helpeth it
Where frowarde knaues be tackynge wyll
Leue of thys curyoſytie
And who that lyſte ſynge after me.
☞ Here they ſynge.
☞ Vycar.
¶ Thys lyketh me well ſo mot I the.
☞ Pardoner.
☞ So helpe me god it lyketh nat me
Where company is met and well agreed
Good paſtyme doth ryght well in dede
But who can ſyt in dalyaunce
When ſyt in ſuche a variaunce
As we were ſet or ye came in
Whiche ſtryke thys man dyd fyrſt begynne
Allegynge that ſuche men as dye
For loue of god nat and refuſe
On fot to goo from place to place
A pylgrymage callynge for grace
Shall in that payne with penitence
Obtayne diſcharge of conſcyence
Compatynge that lyfe for the beſte
Enduceyon to our endles reſte
Upon theſe wordes our mater grewe
For yf he coulde auow them true
As good to be a gardener
As for to be a pardoner
But whey I harde hym ſo farre wyde
I then approched and replyed

Sayenge this that this indulgence
Hauyng the forlayd penitence
Dischargeth man of all offence
With muche more profyt then this pretence
I aske but two pens at the moste
I wys this is nat very great coste
And from all payne without displayze
My soule forthe kepe euen his chayze
And when he dyeth he may be sure
To come to heuen euen at pleasure
And more then heuen he can nat get
How farre so euer he lyste to set
Then is hys payne more then hys wit
To wake to heuen syns he may syt
Syr as we were in this contencion
In came thys daw with hys inuencyon
Reuelynge vs hym selfe auauntynge
That all the soules to heuen assendynge
Are most bounde to the potycary
Bycause he helpeth most men to dye
Before whiche deth he sayeth in dede
No soule in heuen can haue hys mede

☞ Pedler

¶ Why do potycaries kyll men.

☞ Potycary.

¶ By god men say so now and then.

☞ Pedler.

¶ And I thought ye wolde nat haue myst
To make men lyue as longe as ye lyste.

☞ Potycary.

✝ As longe as we lyste, nay longe as they can.

☞ Pedler.

¶ So myght we lyue without you than.

☞ Potycary.

¶ Ye but yet it is necessary
For to haue a potycary

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For when ye rele your conscyens redy
I can sende you to heuen quyckly
Wherfore concernynge our mater here
Aboue these twayne I am best clere
And yf he lyste to take me so
I am content you and no mo
Shall be our iudge as in thys case
Whiche of vs thre shall take the best place

The Pedler.

I neyther wyll iudge the beste nor worste
For be ye bleste or be ye curste
Ye know it is no whyt my sleyght
To be a iudge in maters of weyght
It behoueth no pedlers nor proctours
To take on them iudgemente as doctours
But yf your myndes be onely set
To worke for soule helthe ye be well met
For eche of you somwhat doth showe
That soules towarde heuen by you do growe
Then yf ye can so well agree
To contynue togyther all thre
And all you thre obey on wyll
Then all your myndes ye may fulfyll
As yf ye came all to one man
Who shulde goo pylgrymage more then he can
In that ye palmer as debite
May clerely discharde hym parde
And for all other syns ones had contryssyon
Your pardons geueth hym full remyssyon
And then ye mayster potycary
May sende hym to heuen by and by.

The Potycary.

Yf he taste this boxe nye aboute the pyme
By the masse he is in heuen or euensonge tyme
My craft is suche that I can ryght well
Sende my fryndes to heuen and my selfe to hell

But lyȝs marke this man for he is wyse
How coulde deuyse suche a deuyce
For yf we thre may be as one
Then be we lordes euerychone
Betwene vs all coulde nat be myste
To saue the soules of whome we lyste
But for good order at a worde
Twayne of vs must wayte on the thyrde
And vnto that I do agree
For bothe you twayne shall wayt on me
What chaunce is this that suche an elfe
Commaunded two knaues be, beside hym selfe

Pardoner.

Nay nay my frende that wyll nat be
I am to good to wayt on the.

Palmer.

By our lady and I wolde be loth
To wayt on the better on you both

Pedler.

Yet be ye sewer for all thys dout
Thys waytynge must be brought about
Men can nat prosper wylfully ledde
All thynge decayed where is no hedde
Wherfore doutlesse marke what I say
To one of you thre twayne must obey
And synnes ye can nat agree in voyce
Who shall be hed, there is no choyse
But to deuyse some maner thynge
Wherin ye all be lyke connynge
And in the same who can do beste
The other twayne to make them preste
In euery thynge of hys entente
Holly to be at commaundement
And now haue I founde one mastry
That ye can do in dyfferently
And is nother sellynge nor byenge

But euyn only bery lyenge
And all ye thre can lye as well
As can the falleſt deuyll in hell
And though afore ye harde me grudge
In greater maters to be your iudge
Yet in lyeng I can ſome ſkyll
And yf I ſhall be iudge I wyll
And be ye ſure without flatery
Where my conſcience fyndeth the maſtrye
Ther ſhall my iudgement ſtrayt be founde
Though I myght wynne a thouſande pounde

☞ Palmer.

¶ Syr for lyeng though I can do it
Yet am I loth for to goo to it

☞ Pedler.

¶ Ye haue nat cauſe to feare to be bolde
For ye may be here vncontrolled
And ye in this haue good auauntage
For lyeng is your comen vſage
And you in lyenge be well ſpedde
For all your craft doth ſtande in falſhed
Ye nede nat care who ſhall begyn
For eche of you may hope to wyn
Now ſpeke all thre euyn as ye fynde
Be ye agreed to folowe my mynde

☞ Palmer.

Ye by my trouth I am contente.

☞ Pardoner.

Now in good fayth and I aſſente

☞ Potycary.

¶ If I denyed I were a nody
For all is myne by goddes body.

☞ Here the potycary hoppeth.

☞ Palmer.

Here were a hopper to hop for the tynge
But ſyr thys gere goth nat by hoppynge.

☞ Potycary.

¶ Syr in this hoppynge I wyll hop so well
That my tonge shall hop alwell as my hele
Upon whiche hoppynge I hope and nat doute it
To hope so that ye shall hope without

☞ Palmer.

✝ Syr I wyll neyther boste ne brawll
But take suche fortune as may fall
And yf ye wynne this maystry
I wyll obaye you quietly
And sure I thynke that quietnesse
In any man is great rychesse
In any maner company
To rule or be ruled indifferently.

☞ Pardoner.

¶ By that bost thou semest a begger in dede
What can thy quyetnesse helpe vs at nede
Yf we shulde starue thou hast nat I thynke
One peny to bye vs one potte of drynke
Nay yf rychesse myghe rule the roste
Beholde what cause I haue to boste
Lo here be pardons halfe a dosyn
For goostely ryches they haue no cosyn
And more ouer to me they bynge
Sufficient succour for my synynge
And here be relykes of suche a kynde
As in this worlde no man can fynde
Knele downe all thre and when ye leue kyssynge
Who lyste to offer shall haue my blyssynge
Frendes here shall ye se eupn anone
Of all Hallows the blessyd law bone
Kys it hardely with good deuocion

☞ Potycary.

¶ Thys kysse shall bynge vs muche promocyon
Fogh, by saynt saufour I neuer kyst a wars
Ye were as good kysse all hallo vs ars

For by all halows me thynketh
That all halows breth stynketh

Palmer.

¶ Ye iudge all halows breth vnknowen
Yf any breth stynke it is your owne.

Potycary.

✣ I knowe myne owne breth from all halows
Or els it were tyme to kysse the galows.

Pardoner.

¶ Nay syrs beholde here may ye se
The great toe of the trinite
Who to thys toe any money boweth
And ones may role it in his moueth
All hys lyfe after I vndertake
He shall be syd of the toth ake.

Potycary.

✣ I praye you torne that relyke aboute
Other the Trinite had the goute
Or elles bycause it is.iii.toes in one
God made it muche as thre toes alone.

Potycary.

¶ Well lette that passe and loke vpon thys
Here is a relyke that doth nat mys
To helpe the leste aswell as the moste
This is a buttocke bone of Pentecoste.

Potycary.

✣ By chryste and yet for all your boste
Thys relyke hath be shyten the roste

Pardoner.

¶ Marke well thys relyke here is a whypper
My frendes vnfayned here is a slypper
Of one of the seuen slepers be sure
Doutiesse thys kys shall do you great pleasure
For all these two dayes it shall so ease you
That none other sauours shall displease you.

Potycary.

¶ All these two dayes, nay all thys two yere
For all the sauours that may come here
Can be no worse for at a worde
One of the seuen sleepers trode in a torde.

☞ Pedler.

¶ Syr me thynketh your deuocion is but smal

❧ Pardoner.

¶ Small mary me thynketh he hath none at all.

☞ Potycary.

✣ What the deuyll care I what ye thynke
Shall I prayse relykes when they stynke.

☞ Pardoner.

¶ Here is an eye toth of the great Turke
Whose eyes be ones sette on thys pece of worke
May happely lese parte of his eye syght
But nat all tyll he be blynde out tyght.

❧ Potycary.

✣ What so euer any other man seeth
I haue no deuacion to Turkes teeth
For all though I neuer sawe a greter
Yet me thynketh I haue sene many better.

☞ Pardoner.

¶ Here is a box full of humble bees
That stonge Eue as she sat on her knees
Tastynge the frute to her forbydden
Who kylleth the bees within this hydden
Shall haue as muche pardon of tyght
As for any relyke he kyst thys nyght.

❧ Palmer.

✣ Syr I wyll kysse them with all my herte.

☞ Potycary.

¶ Kysse them agayne and take my parte
For I am nat worthy, nay lette be
Those bees that stonge Eue shall nat stynge me.

❧ Pardoner.

¶ Good frendes I haue yet here in thys glas

Whiche on the dzynke at the weddynge was
Of Adam and Eue vndoutedly
If ye honor this relyke deuoutly
All though ye thurste no whyt the leſſe
Yet ſhall ye dzynke the more doutleſſe
After whiche dzynkynge ye ſhall be as mete
To ſtande on your hede as on your fete

Potycary.

Ye mary now I can ye thanke
In preſents of thys the reſte be blanke
Wolde god this relyke had come rather
Kyſſe that relyke well good father
Suche is the payne that ye palmers take
To kyſſe the pardon bowle for the dzynke ſake
O holy yeſte that loketh full lowr and ſtale
For goddes body helpe me to a cuppe of ale
The more I be holde the, the more I thurſte
The oftener I kyſſe the, more lyke to burſte
But ſyns I kyſſe the ſo deuoutely
Hyze me and helpe me with dzynke tyll I dye
What ſo muche prayenge and ſo lyteli ſpede

Pardoner.

Ye for god knoweth whan it is nede
To ſende folkes dzynke but by ſaynt Antony
I wene he hath ſent you to muche all redy.

Potycary.

If I haue neuer the more for the
Then be the relykes no ryches to me
Nor to thy ſelfe excepte they be
More benefycyall then I can ſe
Rycher is one bore of his tryacle
Then all thy relykes that do no myracell
If thou haddeſt prayed but halfe ſo muche to me
As I haue prayed to thy relykes and the
Nothynge concernynge myne occupacion
But ſtreyght ſholde haue wrought in operacyon

And as in value I pas you all ace
Here lyeth muche tryacle in lytell space
I haue a bore of rebarb here
Wyche is as deynty as it is dere
So helpe me god and hollydam
Of this I wolde nat geue a dram
To the beste frende I haue in Englandes grounde
Though he wolde geue me.xx.pounde
For though the stomake do it abhor
It pourget you clene from the color
And maketh yout stomake sore to walter
That ye shall neuer come to the halter

The Pedler.

Then is that medycyn a souerayn thynge
To preserue a man from hangynge.

The Potycary.

If ye wyll taste but thys crome that ye se
If euer ye be hanged neuer truste me
Here haue I diapompholicus
A speciall oyntement as doctours discuse
For a tetela or a canker
Thys oyntement is euen shot anker
For this medecyn helpeth one and other
Or bryngeth them in case that they nede no other
Here is syrapus de Byzantis
A lytell thynge is I nough of this
For euen the weyght of one scryppull
Shall make you stronge as a crypppull
Here be other as diosticatos
Diagalanga and sticados
Blanda manna diospoliticon
Mercury sublyme and mettidaticon
Pelitory and arsefetita
Cassy and colloquintita
These be the thynges that breke all syke
Betwene mannes sykenes and his lyfe

From[illegible] payne these shall you deliuer
And set you euen at reste for euer
Here is a medecyn no mo lyke the same
Whiche comenly is called thus by name
Alkakabus or Alkakengy
A goodly thynge for dogges that be mangy
Suche be these medycynes that I can
Helpe a dogge as well as a man
Nat one thynge here partycularly
But worketh vniuersally
For it doth me as muche good when I sell it
As all the byers that taste it or smell it
Now syns my medycyns be so specyall
And in operacion so generall
And redy to worke when so euer they shall
So that in ryches I am principall
Yf any rewarde may entreat ye
I beseche your mashyp be good to me
And ye shall haue a boxe of marmelade
So fyne that ye may dyg it with a spade.

¶ Pedler.

¶ Syr I thanke you but your rewarde
Is nat the thynge that I regarde
I muste and wyll be indifferent
Wherfore procede in your intente.

¶ Potycary.

¶ Nowe yf I wyst thys wysh no synne
I wolde to god I myght begynne.

¶ Pardoner.

¶ I am content that thou lye fyrste

¶ Palmer.

✠ Euen so am I and say thy worste
Now let vs here of all thy ipes
The greatest lye thou mayst deuyse
And in the fewyst wordes thou can

¶ Potycary.

¶ Ye, both ye be an honest man.

☞ Palmer.

✤ There sayde ye muche but yet no lye.

☞ Pardoner.

☞ Now lye ye bothe by our lady
Thou lyest in bost of hys honestie
And he hath lyed in assyrmynge the

☞ Potycary.

¶ Yf we both lye and ye say true
Then of these lyes your parte adew
And yf ye wyll make none auaunt
For ye are sure of one yll seruaunte
Ye may perceyue by the wordes he gane
He taketh your mashyp but for a knaue
But who tolde true or lyed in dede
That wyll I knowe or we procede
Syr after that I fyrste began
To prayse you for an honest man
When ye affyrmed it for no lye
Now by our fayth speke euen truely
Thought ye your affyrmacion true.

☞ Palmer.

✤ Ye mary I for I wolde ye knewe
I thynke my selfe an honest man.

☞ Potycary.

¶ What thought ye in the contrary than.

☞ Pardoner.

✤ In that I sayde the contrary
I thynke from trouth I dyd nat vary.

☞ Potycary.

¶ And what of my wordes.

☞ Pardoner.

¶ I thought ye lyed.

☞ Potycary.

¶ And so thought I by god that dyed
Nowe haue you twayne eche for hym selfe sayde

That none hath lyed out but both trulayd
And of vs twayne none hath denyed
But both affyrmed that I haue lyed
Now syns both your trouth confes
And that we both my lye so witnes
That twayne of vs thre in one agree
And that the lyer the wynner must be
Who coulde prouyde suche euydens
As I haue done in this pretens
Me thynketh this mater sufficient
To cause you to gyue iudgement
And to gyue me the maistrye
For ye perceyue these knaues can nat lye

The Palmer.

Though nother of vs as yet had lyed
Yet what we can do is buttryed
For yet we haue deuysed nothynge
But answered you and geuen byrynge

The Pedler.

Therfore I haue deuysed one waye
Wherby all thre your myndes may laye
For eche of you one tale shall tell
And whiche of you telleth most meruell
And most vnlyke to be true
Shall most preuayle what euer ensew.

The Potycary.

If ye be set in merualynge
Then shall ye here a meruaylous thynge
And though in dede all be nat true
Yet suer the most parte shall be new
I dyd a cure no lenger a go
But Anno domini millesimo
On a woman ponge and so fayre
That neuer haue I sene a gayre
God saue all women from that lykenes
This want ou had the fallen sykues

Whiche by diſſent came lynyally
For her mother had it naturally
Wherfore this woman to recure
It was more harde ye may be ſure
But though I boſte my crafte is ſuche
That in ſuche thynges I can do muche
How ofte ſhe fell were muche to reporte
But her hed ſo gydy and her helys ſo ſhorte
That with the twynglynge of an eye
Downe wolde ſhe falle euyn by and by
But or ſhe wolde aryſe agayne
I ſhewed muche practyſe muche to my payne
For the talleſt man within this towne
Shulde nat with eaſe haue broken her ſowne
All though for ipſe I dyd nat doute her
Yet dyd I take more payne about her
Then I wolde take with my owne ſyſter
Syr at the laſt I gaue her a glyſter
I thruſt a thamppon in her tewell
And bad her kepe it for a iewell
But I knewe it ſo heuy to carry
That I was ſure it wolde nat tarry
For where gonpouder is ones kyerd
The tamppon wyll no lenger be hyerd
Whiche was well ſene in tyme of thys chaunce
For when I had charged this ordynaunce
Sodeynly as it had thonderd
Euen at a clap loſed her bumberd
Now marke for here begynneth the reuell
This tampton ſtew.x.longe myle leuell
To a fayre caſtell of lyme and ſtone
For ſtrength I knowe nat ſuche a one
Whiche ſtode vpon an hyll full hye
At fote wh. rof a ryuer ranne bye
So depe tyll chaunce had it forbyden
Well myght the regent there haue ryden

But when this tampyon on thys cauell pyght
It put the caſtels ſo farre to flyght
That downe they came eche vpon other
No ſtone lefte ſtandynge by goddes mother
But tolled downe ſo faſte the hyll
In ſuche a nomber and ſo vyd fyll
From botom to tyme from ſhore to ſhore
Thys forſayd tyuer ſo depe before
That who lyſte nowe to walke therto
May wade it ouer and wet no ſhoo
So was thys caſtell layd wyde open
That euery man myght ſe the token
But in a good houre maye theſe wordes be ſpoken
After the tampyon on the walles was wroken
And pece by pece in peces broken
And ſhe delyuered, with ſuche violens
Of all her inconueniens
I left her in good helth and luſte
And ſo ſhe doth contynew I truſte.

The Pedler.

Syr in your cure I can nothynge tell
But to our purpoſe ye haue layd well.

The Pardoner.

Well ſyr then marke what I can ſay
I haue ben a pardoner many a day.
And done greater cures goſtely
Then euer he dyd bodely
Namely thys one whiche ye ſhall here
Of one departed within thys ſeuen yere
A frende of myne and lykewyſe I
To her agayne was as frendly
Who fell ſo ſyke ſo ſodeynly
That dede ſhe was euen by and by
And neuer ſpake with preſte nor clerke
Nor had no whyt of thys holy warke
For I was thens it coulde nat be

Yet harde I say she asked for me
But when I bethought me howe thys chaunced
And that I haue to heuen auaunced
So many soules to me but straungers
And coude nat kepe my frende from daungers
But she to dy so daungerously
For her soule helth especyally
That was the thynge that greued me soo
That nothynge coulde release my woo
Tyll I had tryed euen out of hande
In what estate her soule dyd stande
For whiche tryall shorte tale to make
I toke thys iourney for her sake
Geue eare for here begynneth the story
From hens I went to purgatory
And toke with me thys gere in my fyste
Wherby I may do there what I lyste
I knocked and was let in quyckly
But lorde how lowe the soules made curtesy
And I to euery soule agayne
Dyd gyue a beck them to retayne
And axed them thys question than
Yf that the soule of suche a woman
Dyd late amonge them there appere
Wherto they sayd she came nat here
Then ferd I muche it was nat well
Alas thought I she is in hell
For with her lyfe I was so acqueynted
That sure I thought she was nat saynted
With thys it chaunced me to sneze
Christe helpe quoth a soule that ley for his fees
Whose wordes quoth I thou shalt nat lees
Then with these pardons of all degrees
I payed hys tole and set hym so quyght
That strayt to heuen he toke his flyght
And I from thens to hell that nyght

To help this woman yf I myght
Nat as who sayth by outhoryte
But by the waye of entreate
And tyrst the deuyll that kept the gate
I came and spake after this rate
All hayle syr deuyll and made lowe curtesy
Welcome quoth he thys smilyngly
He knew me well and I at laste
Remembred hym syns longe tyme paste
For as good happe wolde haue it chaunce
Thys deuyll and I were of olde acqueyntaunce
For oft in the play of corpus Cristi
He hath played the deuyll at Couentry
By his acqueyntaunce and my behauoure
He shewed to me tyght frendly fauoure
And to make my returne the shorter
I sayd to this deuyll good mayster porter
For all olde loue yf it lye in your power
Helpe me to speke with my lorde and your
Be sure quoth he no tongue can tell
What tyme thou coudest haue come so well
For thys daye lucyfer fell
whiche is our festyuall in hell
Nothynge vnreasonable craued thys day
That shall in hell haue any nay
But yet be ware thou come nat in
Tyll tyme thou may thy pasporte wyn
Wherfore stande styll and I wyll wyt
Yf I can get thy saue condyt
He tarped nat but shortely gat it
Under seale and the deuyls hande at it
In ample wyse as ye shall here
Thus it began Lucyfere
By the power of god chefe deuyll of hell
To all the deuyls that there do dwell
And euery of them we sende gretynge

Under ſtreyght charge and commaundyng
That they apdynge and allyſtent be
To ſuche a patooner and maned me
So that he may at ipoette
Paſſe ſaue without hys teopardy
Tyll that he be from vs extyncte
And clerely out of helles pzecincte
And hys pardons to kepe ſauegarde
We wyll they lye in the pozters warde
Geuyn in the foznes of our palys
In our hye courte of maters of malys
Suche a day and pere of our reyne
God ſaue the deuyll quoth I foz playne
I truſte thys wzytynge to be ſure
Then put thy truſte quoth he in euer
Syns thou art ſure to take no harme
Thys deuyll and I walket arme in arme
So farre tyll he had bzought me thyther
Where all the deuyls of hell togyther
Stode in a ray in ſuche apparell
As foz that day there metely fell
Theyz hoznes well gylt theyz clowes full clene
Theyz tayles well kempt and as I wene
With Sothery butter theyz bodyes anoynted
I neuer ſawe deuyls ſo well appoynted
The mayſter deuyll ſat in his jacket
And all the ſoules were playnge, at racket
None other rackettes they hadde in hande
Saue euery ſoule a good fyze bzande
Wherwith they played ſo pzetely
That Lucyfer laughed metely
And all the reſedew of the frendes
Dyd laugh full well togyther lyke frendes
But of my frende I ſawe no whyt
Noz durſt nat are foz her as yet
Anone all this rout was bzought in ſilens

And I by an vsher brought in presens
Then to Lucyfer low as I coude
I knelyd whiche he so well alowde
That thus he bekkte and by sayut Antony
He smyled on me well fauorably
Bendynge hys browes as brode as barne duttes
Shakynge hys eares as rugeo as buttes
Rolynge hys yes as rounde as two bushels
Flaskynge the fyre out of his nose thyrls
Gnashynge hys teeth so bayngloryously
That me thought tyme to fall to flatery
Wherwith I tolde as I shall tell
O pleasant pycture O prince of hell
Feutred in fashyon abominable
And syns that is inestimable
For me to prayse the worthyly
I leue of prays vnworthy
To geue the prays beseechynge the
To heare my sewte and then to be
So good to graunt the thynge I craue
And to be shorte thys wolde I haue
The soule of one whiche hyther is flytted
Deliuered hens and to me remitted
And in thys doynge though al be nat quyt
Yet some parte I shall deserue it
As thus I am a pardoner
And ouer soules as a controller
Thorough out the erth my power doth stande
Where many a soule lyeth on my hande
That spede in maters as I vse them
As I receyue them or refuse them
Wherby what tyme thy pleasure is
I shall requyre any part of thys
The leste deuyll here that can come thyther
Shall chose a soule and bryuge hym hyther
Nowe quoth the deuyll we are well pleased

What is hys name thou woldest haue cased
Nay quoth I be it good or euyll
My commynge is for a she deuyll
What callste her quoth he thou horyson
Forlor', quoth I Margery cocryon
Now by our honour sayd Lucyfer
No deuyll in hell shall withholde her
And yf thou woldest haue twenty mo
were nat for iustyce they shulde goo
For all we deuyls within thys den
Haue more to do with two women
Then with all the charge we haue beside
wherfore yf thou our frende wylt be tryed
Aply thy pardons to women so
That vnto vs there come no mo
To do my bone I prompted by othe
Whiche I haue kepte for as the sayth goth
At thys dayes to heuen I do procure
Ten women to one man be sure
Then of Lucyfer my leue I toke
And streyght vnto the mayster coke
I was hadde into the kechyn
For Margarpes office was ther in
All thynge handled there discretely
For euery soule bereth office metely
Whiche myght be sene to se her syt
So byleip turnynge of the spyt
For many a spyt here hath she turned
And many a good spyt hath she burned
And many a spyt full hoth hath tosted
Before the meat coulde be halfe tosted
And or the meate were halfe tosted in dede
I toke her then fro the spyt for spede
But when she sawe thys drought to pas
To tell the toy wherin she was
And of all the deuyls for toy how they

Dyd roze at her delyuery
And how the cheynes in hell dyd rynge
And how all the soules therin dyd synge
And how we were brought to the gate
And how we toke our leue therat
Be suer lacke of tyme sufferyth nat
To reherse the .xx. parte of that
Wherfore thys tale to conclude brefely
Thys woman thanked me chefly
That she was tyd of thys endles deth
And so we departed on new market heth
And yf that any man do mynde her
Who lyste to leke her there shall he fynde her

The Pedler.

C Syr ye haue sought her wonders well
And where ye founde her as ye tell
To here the chaunce ye founde in hell
I fynde ye were in great parell.

The Palmer.

¶ His tale is all muche perelous
But parte is muche more meruaylous
As where he sayde the deuyls complayne
That women put them to suche payne
By theyr condicions so croked and crabbed
Frowardly fashonde so waywarde and wrabbed
So farre in deuision and sturrynge suche strife
That all the deuyls be werp of theyr lyfe
This in effect he tolde for truth
Wherby muche muruell to me ensueth
That women in hell suche shrewes can be
And here so gentyll as farre as I se
Yet haue I sene many a myle
And many a woman in the whyle
Nat one good eyre, towne, nor borough
In cristendom but I haue ben through
And this I wolde ye shulde vnderstande

I haue sene women .v. hundred thousande
And oft with them haue longe tyme maryed
Yet in all places where I haue ben
Of all the women that I haue sene
I neuer sawe nor knewe in my conscyens
Any one woman out of pacyens.

Potycary.

By the masse there is a greatlye

Pardoner.

I neuer harde a greater by our lady

Pedler.

A greater nay knowe ye any so great.

Palmer.

Syr whether that I lose or get
For my parte iudgement shall be prayed.

Pardoner.

And I desyer as he hath sayd

Potycary.

Procede and ye shall be obeyed.

Pedler.

Then shall nat iudgement be delayd
Of all these thre yf eche mannes tale
In Poules churche yarde were set on sale
In some mannes hande that hath the sleyghte
He shulde sure sell these tales by weyghte
For as they wey so be they worth
But whiche weyth beste to that now forth
Syr all the tale that ye dyd tell
I bere in mynde and yours as well
And as ye sawe the mater merely
So syed ye bothe well and discretely
Yet were your eyes with the lest truste me
For yf ye had sayd ye had made fle
Ten tampyons out of ten womens tayles
Ten tymes ten myle to ten castels or tayles
And fyll ten tymes ten tymes so depe

as ten of that wyche pour tallett wones dyde serue
Or yf ye ten tymes had bodely
Fet ten soules out of purgatory
And ten tymes so many out of hell
Yet by these ten bonnes I coulde tyght well
Ten tymes sonner all that haue beleued
Then the tenth parte of that he hath meued.

Potycary.

¶ Two knaues before.i. lacketh.ii. knaues of tyne
Then one and then one and bothe knaues a tyne
Then two and then two and thre at a cast
Thou knaue and thou knaue and thou knaue at laste
Nay knaue yf ye tryme by nomber
I wyll as knaupshly pou accomber
Pour mynde is all on pour pzpup typhe
Foz all in ten me thynketh pour wit ipthe
Now ten tymes I beseche hym that hye sittes
Thy wykes. x. cõmaũdementes may serch thy. v. wittes
Then ten of my tozdes in ten of thy teth
And ten of thy nose wyche euery man seth
And twenty tymes ten this wyshe I wolde
That thou haddest ben hanged at ten pere olde
Foz thou goest about to make me a slaue
I wyll thou knowe yf I am a gentyman knaue
And here is an other shall take my parte.

Pardoner.

✣ Nay fyzste I be shzew pour knaues herte
Oz I take parte in pour knauery
I wyll speke fayze by one lady
Spz I beseche pour mashyp to be
As good as ye can be to me.

Pedler.

¶ I wolde be glade to do pou good
And hym allo be ye neuer so wood
But dout pou nat I wyll now do
The thynge my conscience bideth me to

Both your tales I take farre impossyble
Yet take I his father incredyble
Nat only the thynge it selfe alloweth it
But also the boldenes therof auoweth it
I knowe nat where your tale to trye
Nor yours but in hell or purgatorye
But thys boldnes hath faced a lye
That may be tryed euyn in thys companye
As yf ye lyste to take thys order
Amonge the women in thys border
Take thre of the yongest and thre of the oldest
Thre of the hotest and thre of the coldest
Thre of the wysest and thre of the shrewdest
Thre of the lowest and thre of the hyest
Thre of the farthest and thre of the nyest
Thre of the fayrest and thre of the maddest
Thre of the fowlest and thre of the saddest
And when all these threes be had a sonder
Of eche thre two iustly by nomber
Shall be founde shrewes excepte thys fall
That ye hap to fynde them shrewes all
Hym selfe for trouth all this doth knowe
And oft hath tryed some of thys rowe
And yet he swereth by his conscyens
He neuer saw woman breke paciens
Wherfore consydered with true entente
Hys lye to be so euident
And to appere so euydently
That both you abhorred it a ly
And that my conscyens so depely
So depe hath sought thys thynge to try
And tryed it with mynde indyfferent
Thus I awarde by way of iudgement
Of all the lyes ye all haue spent
Hys lye to be most excellent.

Palmer.

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Syr though ye were bounde of equyte
To do as ye haue done to me
Yet do I thanke you of your payne
And wyll requyte some parte agayne.

☞ Pardoner.

¶ Mary syr ye can no les do
But thanke hym as muche as it cometh to
And so wyll I do for my parte
Now a vengeaunce on thy knaues harte
I neuer knewe prelat a iudge before
Nor neuer wyll truste pedlynge knaue more
What doest thou there thou horson noddy.

☞ Potycary.

¶ By the masse lerne to make curtesy
Curtesy before and curtesy behynde hym
And thenon eche syde the deuyll blynde hym
Nay when I haue it perfytly
Ye shall haue the deuyll and all of curtesy
But it is nat sone lerned brother
One knaue to make curtesy to another
Yet when I am angry that is the worste
I shall call my master knaue at the tyrste.

☞ Palmer.

¶ Then wolde some master perhappes clowt ye
But as for me ye nede nat doute ye
For I had leuer be without ye
Then haue suche bespuesse aboute ye.

☞ Pardoner.

¶ So helpe me goo to were ye better
What shulde a begger be a letter
It were no whyt your honestte
To haue vs twayne let a lyer ye.

☞ Potycary.

☞ Syr be ye sure he telleth you true
Yf we shulde wayte thys wolde enlew
It wolde be sayd truste me at a worde

Two knaues made curtesy to the thyrde

☞ Pedler.

¶ Now by my trouth to speke my mynde
Syns they be so loth to be assyned
To let them lose I thynke it beste
And so shall ye lyue beste in rest

☞ Palmer.

¶ Syr I am nat on them to fonde
To compell them to kepe theyr bonde
And syns ye lyste nat to wayte on me
I clerely of waytynge dyscharge ye.

☞ Pardoner.

¶ Mary syr I hertely thanke you.

☞ Potycary.

✝ And I lyke wyse I make god auowe

☞ Pedler.

¶ Now be ye all euyn as ye begoon
No man hath lost nor no man hath woon
Yet in the deuote wherwith ye began
By waye of souple I wyll speke as I can
I do perceyue that pylgrymage
Is chefe the tryage ye haue in vsage
Wherto in effecte for loue of Chryst
Ye haue or shulde haue bene entyst
And who so doth with suche entent
Doth well declare hys tyme well spent
And so do ye in your pretence
If ye procure thus indulgence
Unto your neyghbours charytably
For loue of them in god onely
All thys may be tryght well applyed
To shewell you both well occupyed
For though ye walke nat bothe one wayes
Yet walkynge thus thys date I saye
That bothe your walkes come to one ende
And so for all that do pretende

By ayde of goddes grace to enſewe
Any maner kynde of vertue
As ſome great almyſe for to gyue
Some in wylfull pouerte to lyue
Some to make hye wayes and ſuche other warkes
And ſome to mayntayne preſtes and clarkes
To ſynge and praye for ſoule departed
Theſe with all other vertues well marked
All though they be of ſondry kyndes
Yet be they nat vſed with ſondry myndes
But as god only doth all thoſe moue
So euery man onely for his loue
With loue and dred obediently
Worketh in theſe vertues vnfaynedly
Thus euery vertue yf we ryght to ſcan
Is pleaſaunt to god and thankfull to man
And who that by grace of the holy goſte
To any one vertue is moued moſte
That man by that grace that one apply
And therin ſerue god moſt plentyfully
Yet nat that one ſo farre wyde to wreſte
So lykynge the ſame to myſlyke the reſte
For who ſo wreſteth hys worke is in vayne
And euen in that caſe I percepue you twayne
Lykynge your vertue in ſuche wyſe
That eche others vertue you do diſpyſe
Who walketh thys way for god wolde fynde hym
The farther they leke hym the farther behynde hym
One kynde of vertue to diſpyſe another
Is lyke as the ſyſter myght hange the brother.

Potycary.

Forfere leſt ſuche parels to me myght fall
I thanke god I vſe no vertue at all

Pedler.

That is of all the very worſte waye
For more harde it is as I haue harde ſaye

To begynne vertue where none is preterpyd
Then where it is begonne the abule to be mended
How be it ye be nat all to begynne
One tyme of vertue ye are entred in
As thys I suppose ye dyd sape true
In that ye sayd ye vse no vertue
In the whiche wordes I dare well reporte
Ye are well be loued of all thys sorte
By your taryynge here openly
At pardons ond relyques so leudly.

Porycary.

I In that I thynke my faute nat great
For all that he hath I knowe contrefete.

Pedler.

For his and all other that ye knowe fayned
Ye be nother counceled nor constrayned
To any suche thynge in any suche case
To gyue any reuerence in any suche place
But where ye dout the truthe nat knowynge
Beleuynge the best good may be growynge
In iudgynge the beste no harme at the leste
In iudgynge the worste no good at the beste
But beste in these thynges it semeth to me
To make no iudgement vpon ye
But as the churche doth iudge or take them
So do ye receyue or forsake them
And so be sure ye can nat erre
But may be a frutfull folower.

Porycary.

I Go ye before and as I am true man
I wyll folow as fast as I can.

Pardoner.

And so wyll I for he hath sayd so well
Whom wolde we shulde folowe hys counsell.

Palmer.

I Then to our reason god gyue vs his grace

That we may folowe with faythe so feruently
His commaundementes, that we maye purchace
Hys loue, and so consequently
To byleue hys churche faste and faythfully
So that we may accordynge to his promyse
Be kepte out of errour in any wyse
And all that hath escaped vs here by negligence
We clerely reuoke and forsake it
To passe the tyme in thys without offence
As the cause why the maker dyd make it
And so we humbly beseche you take it
Beseechynge our lorde to prosper you all
In the faythe of hys churche Amen Amen

Finis.

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